

MARVEL®
2nd Feb 91

THE REAL

NO138 45p

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GH^{OST}BUSTERS™

PREPARE TO
MEET THY DOOM,
GHOSTBUSTERS!
*THE MARSHMALLOW
MAN IS BACK!*

9M/Ave

STAY PUFT



ISSN 0954-9404



05

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MAN IS BACK!

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He's big, he's bad, he's squidgy and he's back! Who is he? That's right, it's **Mr. Stay-Puft!** He's back with a vengeance, and boy, is he angry! **The Marshmallow Man** has returned to destroy **The Real Ghostbusters** in a spooky tale entitled **Stay-Puft Strikes Back!**

It's Issue one hundred and thirty-eight of the fabulously spooky, ectoplasmically exciting, slime-filled **REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** comic, the spirit world's favourite read, and the guys are off to France. They have to deal with a cave-dwelling creepie that is scaring everybody *rigide*, in a frighteningly French *histoire* called **Asterisk The Ghoul!** And as if that isn't enough for you, there's also the first fiendishly funny instalment of **Slimer And The Ghostly Eggs!** What more could you ask for?

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Cover by **BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE** and **JOHN BURNS**
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 Spirit Guide **DAN ABNETT**



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THE REAL GHOST BUSTERS™



PETER
VENKMAN



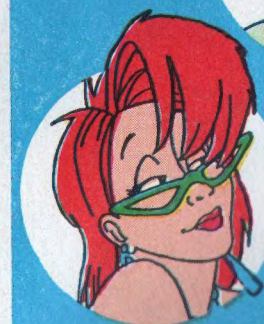
EGON
SPENGLER



RAY
STANTZ



WINSTON
ZEDDMORE



JANINE
MELNITZ

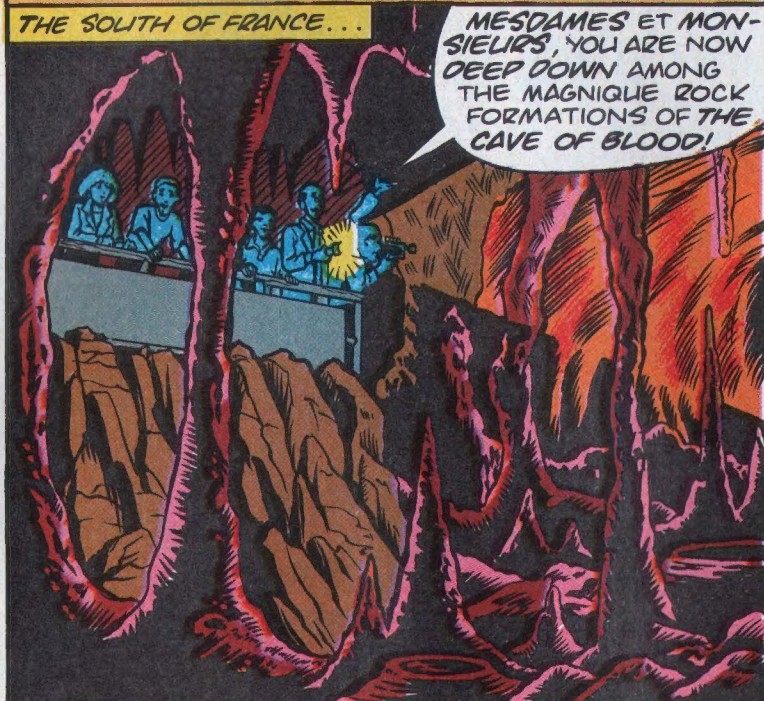


SLIMER

THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

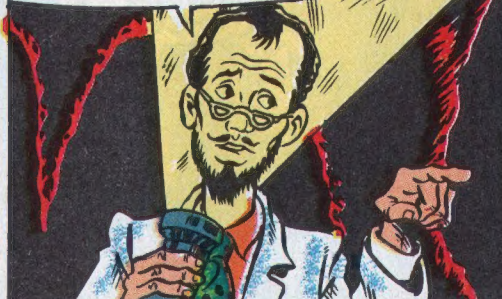
ASTERISK THE GHOUL!

THE SOUTH OF FRANCE...



MESDAMES ET MONSIEURS, YOU ARE NOW DEEP DOWN AMONG THE MAGNIFQUE ROCK FORMATIONS OF THE CAVE OF BLOOD!

AND WHEN I SHINE MY TORCH OVER THERE, YOU WILL SEE ONE OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL SIGHTS IN THE WORLD!



NEXT MORNING...

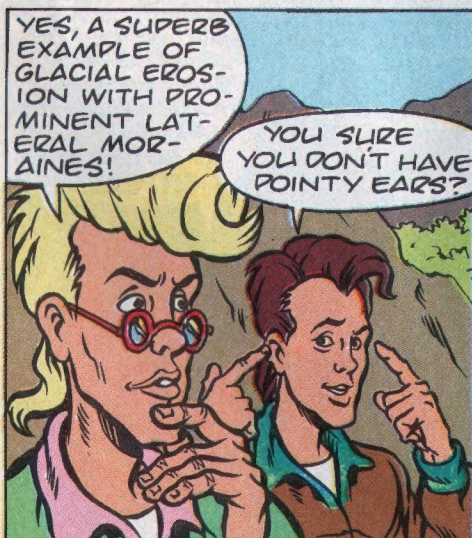


AT LAST, RAY, A BUST IN THE SUNNY SOUTH OF FRANCE!

THAT SCENERY SURE IS SENSATIONAL, HUH, EGON?

YES, A SUPERB EXAMPLE OF GLACIAL EROSION WITH PROMINENT LATERAL MORAINES!

YOU SURE YOU DON'T HAVE POINTY EARS?



BONJOUR, GHOSTBOOSTERS! I AM SO APPY TO SEE YOU! YOU MUST CAPTURE THE GHOST IN MY FATHER'S BEAUTIFUL CAVERN!

WELL, SOMEONE SEEMS TO THINK IT'S A BIT GROTTY...

GROTTE DE SANG



YOU IDIOT! GROTTÉ IS FRENCH FOR CAVE!

TELL US
ABOUT THE
SPOOK,
MADAME...

LISTEN
CAREFULLY,
I WILL ONLY
SAY THIS
ONCE!

TWENTY YEARS AGO THE LINDERGROUNDED EXPLORER, PROFESSOR ASTERISK, WAS DESCENDING INTO THIS CAVERN. BUT HIS ROPE BROKE AND HE FELL INTO THE GREAT ABYSS! HIS BODY WAS NEVAIR FOUNDED!

OVER THE YEARS, HIS FANTÔME
HAS OFTEN BEEN SEEN...
ESPECIALLY IN THE CAVE
OF BLOOD!

W-WHY IS IT CALLED THAT?

BECAUSE OF THE
STRANGE RED
DRIPPING STAL-
ACTITE FORMA-
TIONS.

BOY, WHAT SICK MINDS!
WHY DIDN'T THEY CALL
IT *THE CAVE OF
RASPBERRY SYRUP?*

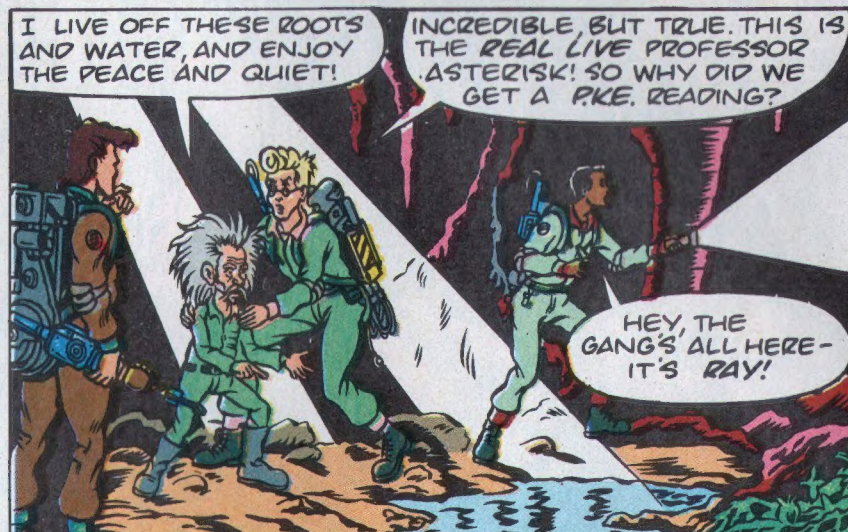
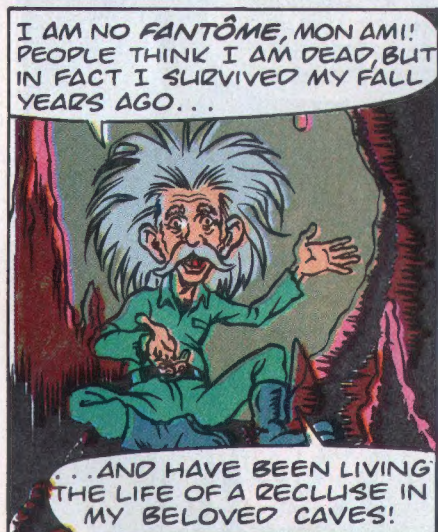
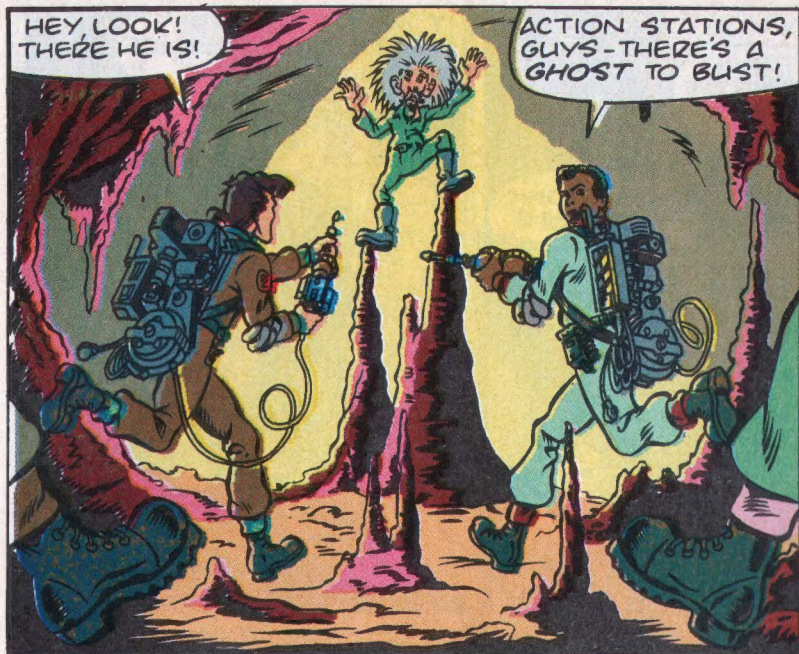
DIG THE
WEIRD SPOOKY
SHADOWS!

ON THE SURFACE..

EXCUSEZ MOI,
MONSIEUR!
WHAT ARE
YOU DOING?

DON'T WORRY,
SIR! WE'RE THE
REAL GHOST-
BLUSTERS, AND
YOUR DAUGHTER
HAS HELPED US
TO GET TO WORK
RIGHT AWAY!





YIKES! SHE'S CONTROLLING THE ROCKS LIKE GIANT GNASHERS!



WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO?



YOU CAN ESCAPE THAT WAY! AND IF YOU FOLLOW THE PASSAGE YOU MIGHT REACH THE TOP BEFORE SHE DOES!



HA HA HA!
AT LAST THE GHOST-BUSTERS ARE TRAPPED FOREVER!



SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, SISTER!



IT'S KIND OF IRONIC THAT SHE CALLED US OUT HERE.



DARE YOU ENTER THE

HAUNTED HOUSE?



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**THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™ PUZZLEBUSTER ISSUE FOUR
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SPENGLER'S

SPIRIT

GUIDE



I've spoken before about the wonderful heritage of ghosts that abound in the country of France, but I haven't really gone into detail on any history of French psychic research, or of French contributions to the world of paranormal literature. Time to remedy that state of affairs.

Pierre Tooley

The most influential figure in French paranormology, Tooley was a Breton folklorist and historian of importance. His various works on the Supernatural *Qu'est-ce Que C'est?, Vite! C'est Un Fantôme Grand Avec Les Dents Massive Et Pointu*, and the classic *Zut Alors! L'Homme Boogey* have been translated into a dozen languages, and are quoted by such notables as Vondahuck and Spate. Tooley's masterpiece and life's work was of course his mammoth translation of Tobin's *Complete Dictionary Of All Known Spook's* into the obscure Breton dialect of Clompt, a feat he completed just three days after the death of the last known Clompt speaker in the world. Tooley spent his last few years conducting seances and making slight

PART 138

grammatical corrections to the dictionary.

Gaston Le Beauvoir

The notable French Impressionist was particularly famous for his impression of the ghost of Vincent Van Gogh (Gaston would stumble around the stage, clutching the side of his head, delivering side splitting lines like 'Pardon? Répétez, s'il vous plaît... encore... Je n'écoutez pas...').

Gaston La Beaver

The notable French Post-Impressionist was particularly famous for his impression of the gate post outside Pierre Tooley's house. A tenuous link, I agree.

Force Du Frisson

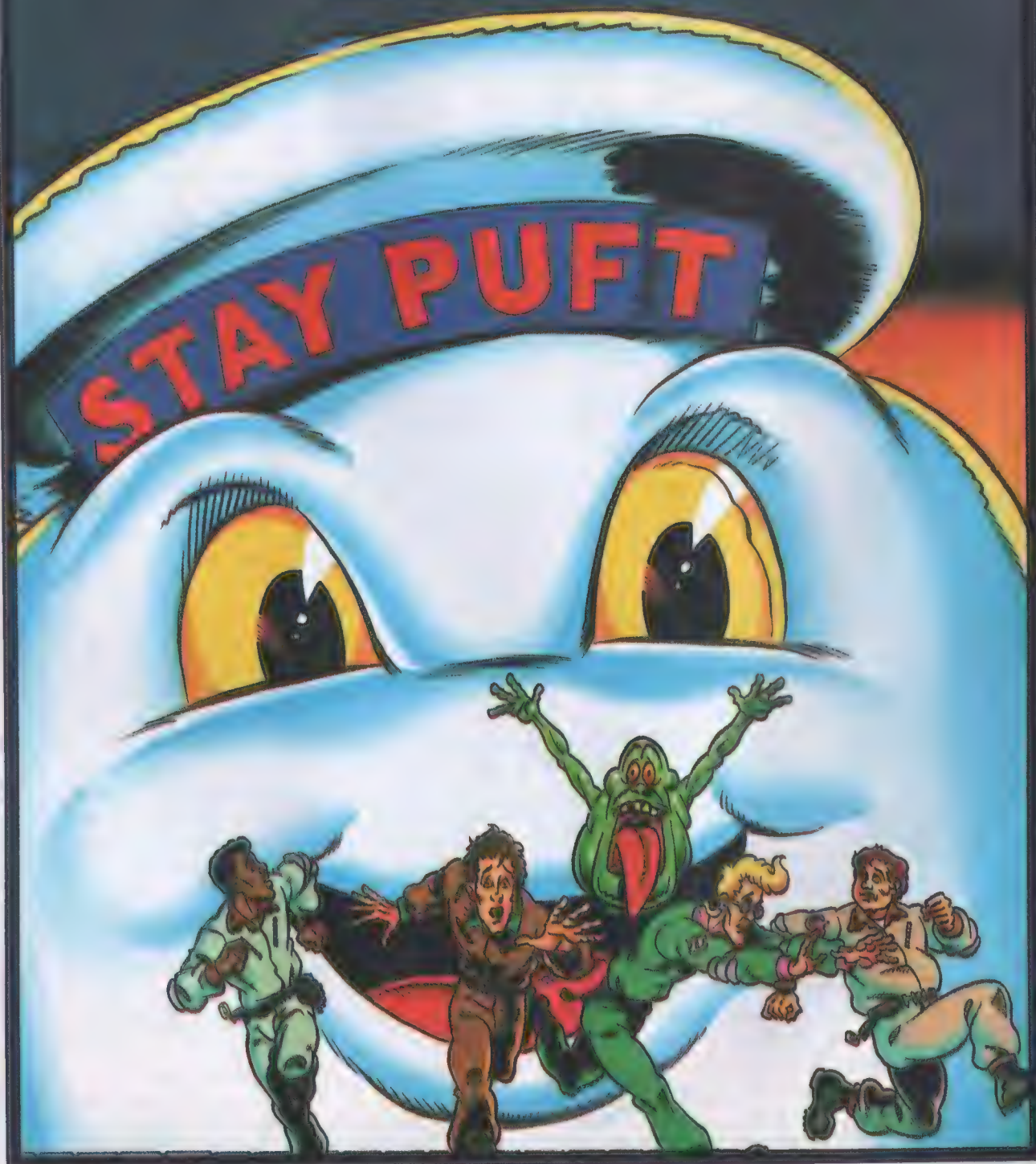
Founded in 1988 by Doctors Jacques Le Pain and Armand

Aleg of the Sorbonne, the Force Du Frisson is the closest thing the French have to us Ghostbusters. Based in Paris, in a station previously owned by the Parisien Pompiers, the Force drive a converted Citroën ambulance, blast ghosts with unlicensed 'accélérateurs nucléaire' and have a pet Class cinque spook. It's there the similarity ends, as they call their Class five, Pascal.

Special mention must of course go to paranormal researcher Josephine Montand, whose regular attempts to contact the ghost of Napoleon by ouija board kept ending in the message 'Not tonight, Josephine'. Also, master chef, Edoard Compte, who was haunted for nine years by the ghosts of vengeful frogs wanting their legs back. Michelle Leroux, whose beret turned out to be a hibernating screamhaggard, and the 'little folk' rumoured to live down the Paris subway, who communicate only by a series of clicks. They are called 'Metro-gnomes'.

One begins to wonder quite what 1992 will bring across via the Channel Tunnel...?

STAY-PUFT STRIKES BACK!



Story JOHN FREEMAN Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON, STEPHEN BASKERVILLE and JOHN BURNS

The Real Ghostbusters have faced thousands of threats over the years. But one still strikes terror into their hearts . . .

"So what actually happened here, Ray?" said Peter, kicking a large splodge of gooey white slime with his boot. It quivered, then lay still. Ray, covered in the same white goo, gestured with his Proton Gun towards Central Park, wiping more slime from his face. "It was Mr. Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man," he said, wearily. "Larger than ever, stronger than ever, gooier than ever. I just couldn't stop him!"

Egon, kneeling beside a still quivering piece of slime, looked up from his PKE Meter and gave the other three Real Ghostbusters a very worried look. "Readings confirm Ray's visual prognosis," he began, then noticed he was getting one of those Talk English, Egon' looks. "Er, it's the Stay-Puft Man, all right?"

Winston nodded and Slimer, who'd come along for the ride, nodded with him. "Nasteeeeee," murmured Slimer. "Gozeree here too?"

"I hope not," groaned Peter. "We had enough problems with that demon first time round." He looked down New York's Fifth Avenue and surveyed the cars that had been hurled out of the Mr. Stay-Puft's way as he walked towards Central Park. People were screaming and pointing towards the park, most of them running away from it. "Come to think of it, I don't remember the Stay-Puft Man being a push-over, either."

As several men raced past them screaming, their hair on end, their eyes filled with fear, Egon nodded. "If Mr. Stay-Puft can do *that* to New Yorkers, we're in serious trouble here."

Ray wiped off the last of the slime from his uniform and checked over his Proton Gun. "I'm glad you got here so quickly," he said. "I only had a call about a small haunting in a bakery. I never expected the Marshmallow Man."

"Well, we'd better get after it," said Winston. "I mean I remember that four Proton Guns could easily deal with that thing." With that he got into ECTO-1 and

then looked at the others, who looked at each other with worried looks on their faces. Further up Fifth Avenue, Peter thought he could distinctly hear the sound of a 1987 Ford being thrown through a glass window with dreadful force.

"You're not chicken, are you?" said Winston, starting up the car.

"Us? Chicken?" said Egon.

"We're not chickens," said Ray, looking at his feet.

"Hey, let's be honest here, guys," said Peter, stepping up to ECTO-1 and looking sternly at his friends. Slimer drifted towards him, listening carefully. "You know how many times we've been up against the Stay-Puft Man and you know he's probably the most frightening thing we could ever come across. A childhood dream turned into our worst nightmare."

"I'm sorry, Peter," Ray cut in, getting into ECTO-1. "You know I couldn't help thinking of it when Gozer first appeared . . ." "That's not the point, Ray," smiled Peter. "The point is that this is about conquering that worst nightmare. Right, Egon? It's about defeating a recurring problem. Okay, Winston? And, most importantly —"

"— it's about doing it right now, Peter," said Winston. "So stop wasting time and let's do it!"

Peter shrugged, smiled sheepishly and got into ECTO-1. "Just a little pep talk, guys," he muttered. "I mean, I'm not afraid of no —"

"There it is," said Egon, as the car sped up Fifth Avenue.

"Hmm. Seems bigger than he was before, too."

"How about forming a plan to deal with it," said Peter. "Like, back at Ghostbusters HQ?"

"Slimereee not afraid," squealed the ghost. "Stay Puftee just a big bullyeee!"

"Hey, Slimer's right," said Ray. "Let's get him."

"Before he gets us," added Peter. The others ignored him, despite the sight of the

huge ghost picking up an empty 1983 Ford Convertible and throwing it over the Empire State Building. Winston started up the car again and they chased after the Stay-Puft Man.

As for the Marshmallow Man himself? Well, truth to tell the Stay Puft-Man was having a few problems. For a start, he'd been enjoying himself torturing lesser demons and displaced spectres in the Lower Levels of the Sixth Circle and he was more than a little confused about how he'd got back to Earth. It was not his favourite place.

He vaguely recalled being summoned from somewhere fluffy to this place some time ago, then blown up and then something about being flushed down a toilet. Then he'd had a vague idea that he'd been somewhere where it was raining horribly, which had made him feel very squidgy and not at all comfortable.

Now he was back on earth again, the weather was much colder than where he'd been and it really did look like rain again. Worse still, there seemed to be this horrible wailing sound coming from behind him, which was giving him a bit of a headache. Groaning and snarling, he turned to find out what it was and suddenly noticed this red flashing thing, very like the sort of object he'd just kicked through a window. Then he saw them. The ones he hated the most in all the dimensions. The Real Ghostbusters.

The enormous ghost snarled with rage and started to stomp towards the flashing red thing, just as one of the Ghostbusters leant out of the window and let fly with a Proton Beam. The beam missed and the thing turned away, heading towards some sort of tower lying on the ground, that wasn't quite built properly and stretched over a band of blue stuff. Mr. Stay-Puft, the Marshmallow Man could see all this, because he was so big, but the Ghostbusters probably couldn't. That didn't matter to the Stay-Puft Man, though.

The Real Ghostbusters had concocted a dangerous plan – well, Egon had concocted a dangerous plan, and once Winston had

decided it, they all agreed it was a dangerous plan. But even Slimer agreed that although it was dangerous it was probably a good one, and it takes a ghost to catch a ghost, sometimes. Anyway, Winston turned ECTO-1 around and headed straight for the Brooklyn Bridge. He stopped there and the Ghostbusters got out and waited for the Stay-Puft Man to catch up. "Boy, the river sure looks blue today," said Ray. Peter looked over his shoulder. "You're imagining things," he said. "That river has never looked blue in years."

"Here he comes!" announced Egon, raising his Proton Gun. "This ghost is history!" shouted all four Ghostbusters again and Slimer clapped and giggled as the Ghostbusters fired their Proton Guns. Caught in the beams, the Marshmallow Man roared with rage. Staggering, he pushed the beams back, still moving towards the bridge, driven by his hatred. "Now the hard part," said Winston. "Guns off!"

The beams were switched off altogether and with a look of surprise, the Stay-Puft Man suddenly found himself pushing against nothing and he tumbled forwards, falling flat on his face. "Fire again!" shouted Ray and the beams blasted the Mr. Stay-Puft once more. "Stop it," roared the ghost, rolling out of the way of the beams –

– and straight into the river, just as Egon had hoped. With a huge **splosh**, the Stay-Puft Man gurgled and moistened, and dissolved in the water.

"That's that," said Peter.

"Good," said Ray. "Now, how about some lunch? All that marshmallow has made me very hungry all of a sudden."

GHOST HOUSE

When the Meters are showing PKE readings there's definitely a spook about, but exactly where is the question bugging The Real Ghostbusters when they investigate a haunted house. Mind boggling stuff and Slimer's mind was certainly boggled when he saw ghostly green hands, and goggle eyes appeared from the woodwork to pull Egon away. The situation worsened when Slimer's desperate attempts to warn him failed and Winston was grasped away while checking for spirits. Peter and Ray were both oblivious to the fact that their buddies had been snatched away and Slimer was so desperate that if he had had any knees he would have been on them,

begging the busters to listen to him. Then, as if proving him right, two arms shot out and dragged Peter into a wall.

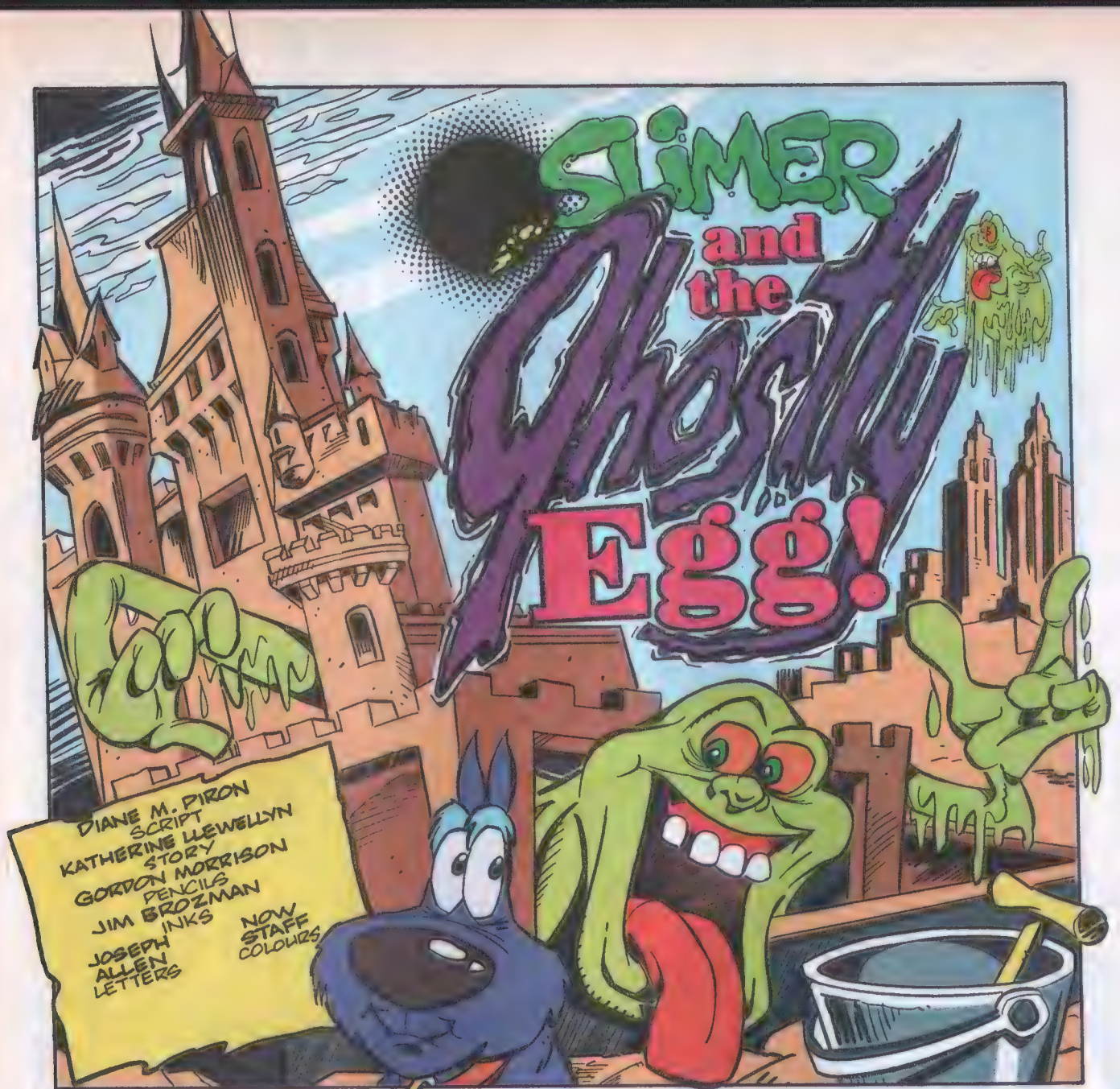
It was only at that point that anyone bothered to listen to Slimer, who had beaten the Ghostbusters to it and figured out that our haunted house was none other than a ghost house. So, following Ray's orders they fired into the centre of the house where the ectoplasmic force was at its strongest and WHAM, BAM, the house disappeared. Unfortunately so did the floor and it was down to earth with a bump for our heroes. As for the owner, he was somewhat upset, which is understandable if you've ever had your house zapped away.

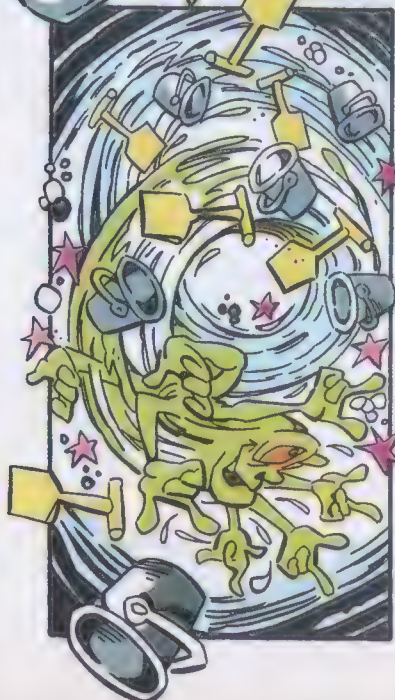
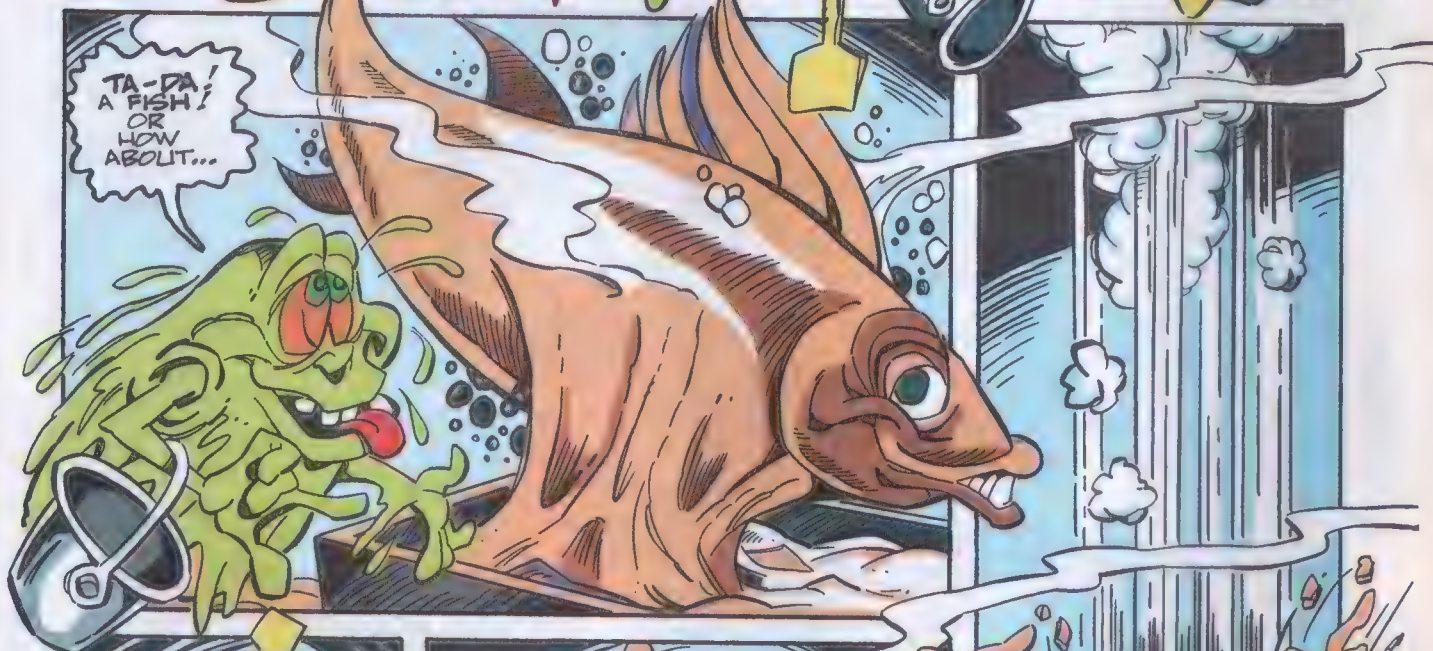


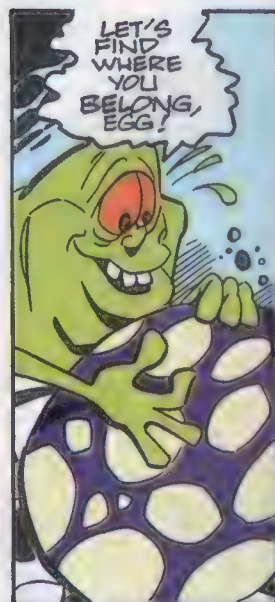
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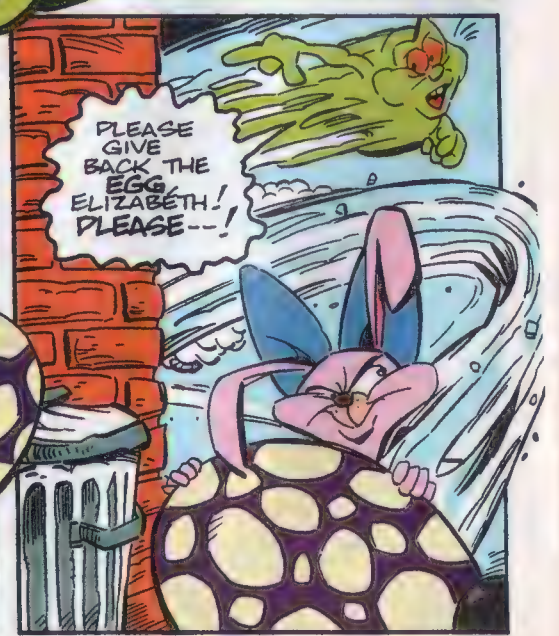
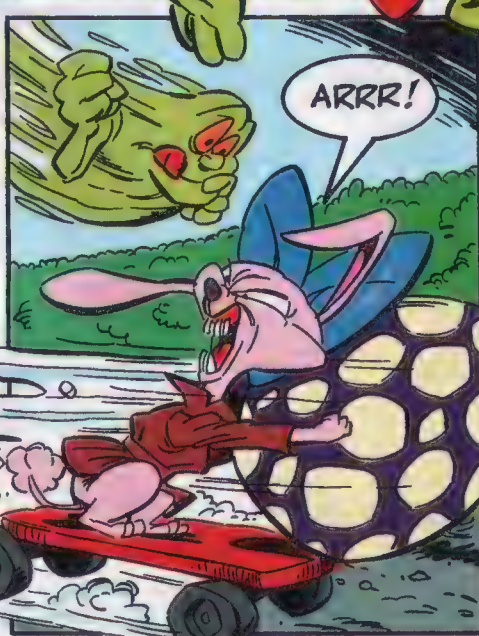
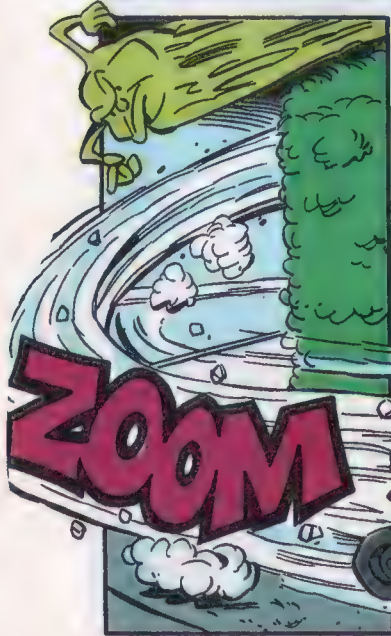
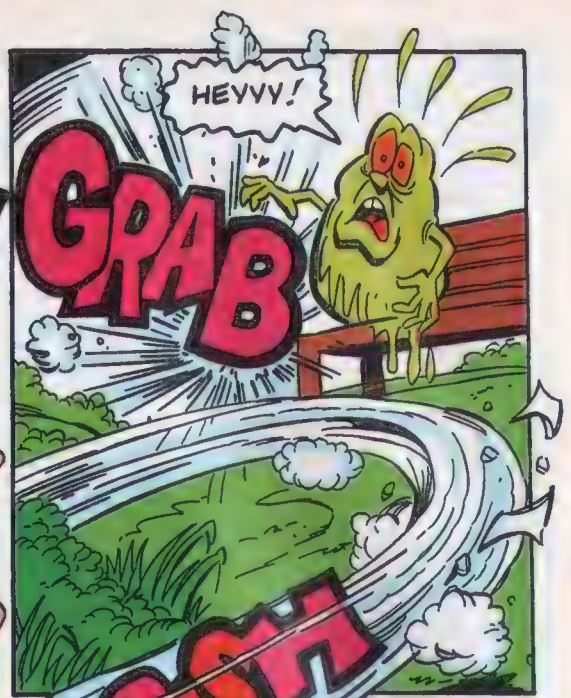


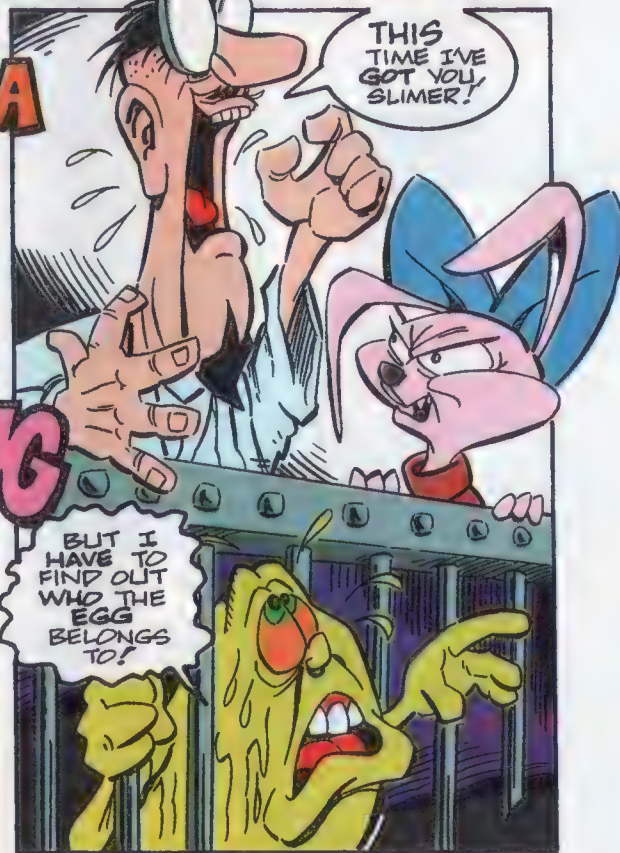
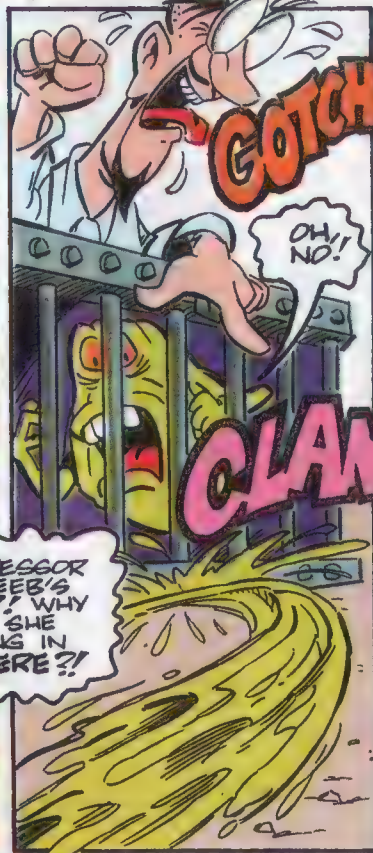
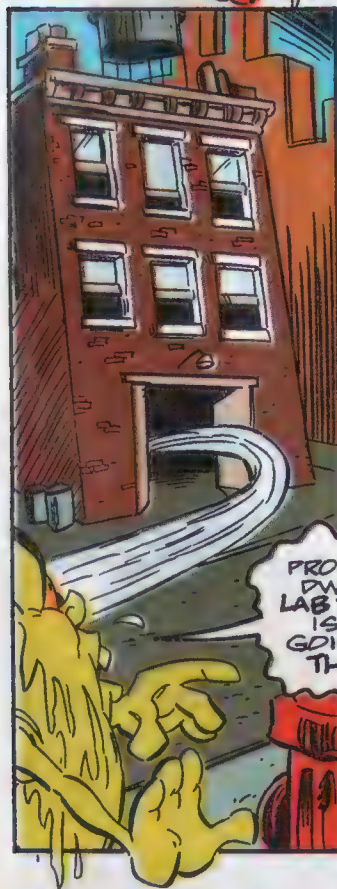
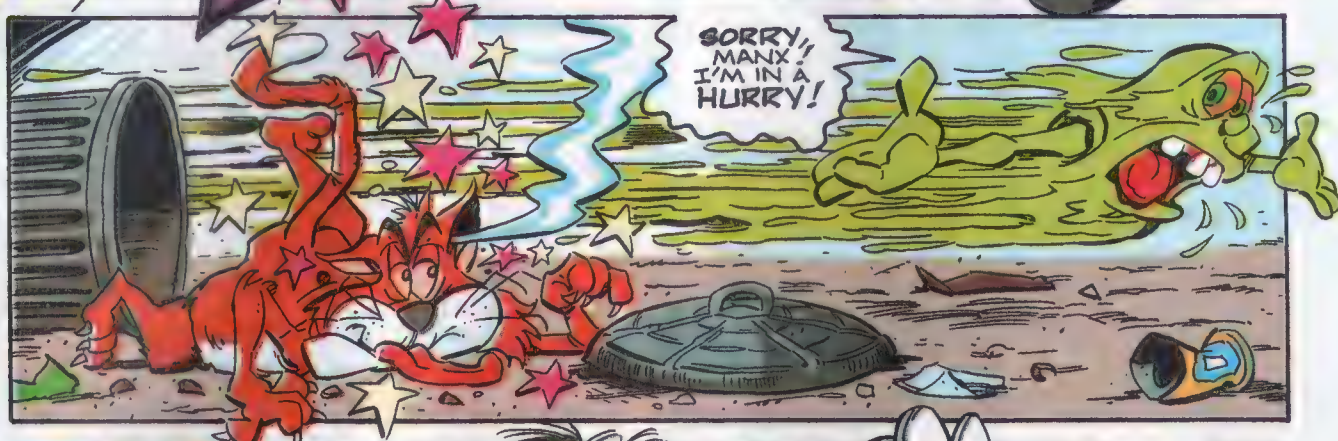
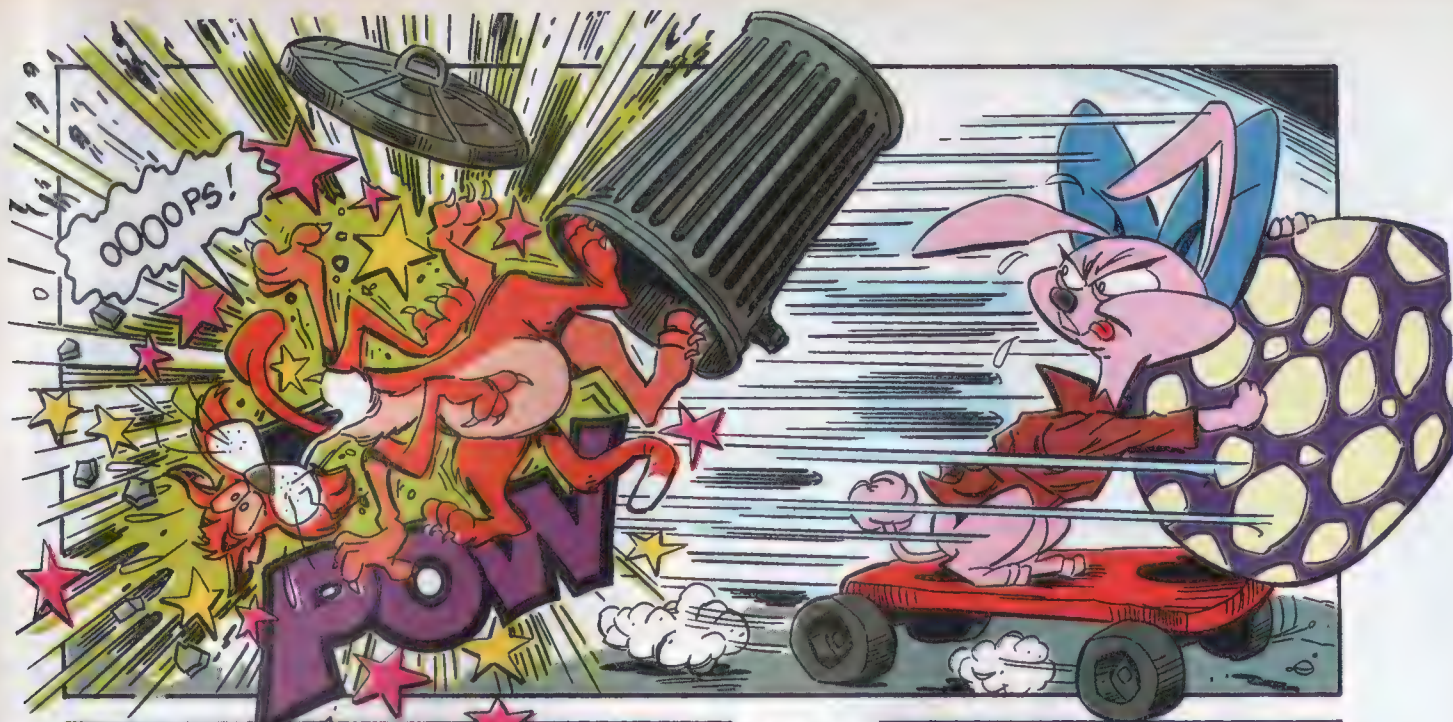
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His shadow!

– Adam Javed Stokes, Ilford

What does Slimer do at a football match?

He dribbles!

– Christopher Blytin, Swindon

What do ghosts drink to get Psycho-Kinetic Energy?

Spookozade!

– Edward and Robert Holmes, North London

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

Mandy.

Mandy who?

Mandy lifeboats, the ship is sinking!

– Roray Dalziel, Aberdeen

What do ghosts wash the dishes with?

Mild, green, spooky liquid?

– Paul Cheese, Walsall

Why did the little ghost measure himself?

Because he wanted to know if he had gruesome!

– Ryan Metcalf, Doncaster



Make sure that you get your copy of **THE REAL GHOST-BUSTERS** every week! With your parents permission, fill in the order coupon with your name and address and hand it to your newsagent, telling him whether you want your copy reserved for collection or delivered to your door.

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**SIGNATURE OF PARENT OR
GUARDIAN**

.....

DEAD TRUE!

It's horrific and ghastly and
what's more, it's a true tale of terror!
Dare you read on?



Back in the 1870's police were baffled by one of the most bizarre murders in criminal history – for the killer was a dead woman. She was named Fanchon Moncare, a forty-three year old midget whose innocent smiles and playfulness fooled many into believing that she was a small child. For years she travelled between New York and Paris with her 'guardian' and accomplice Ava Danforth, smuggling jewels concealed in the head of Fanchon's beloved china doll.

The business might have carried on for years had Fanchon not entered into a deadly feud with a beautiful woman named Magda. Both women were in love with a certain Dartney Crawley, but Magda was determined to

marry him and so to remove any threat from Fanchon she informed the police of her. This resulted in Fanchon's arrest and her subsequent trial. She was given a gruelling life sentence while Ava received a more moderate 20 years. However, before she left the courtroom Fanchon vowed to revenge the deceitful Magda – promising to one day kill her.

Nevertheless Magda remained unperturbed and went on to marry Dartney. Unfortunately the marriage was not a happy one and six months later they were divorced. However, it left Magda a wealthy woman and she was able to take a prominent position in New York's café society. But for all her good fortune she was still plagued by Fanchon's menacing promise.

Her fears were realised

one night when Fanchon appeared in her home and Magda spent a terrifying night behind the bathroom door. The following day she raged at the police complaining that they had not informed her of the midget's escape. Bemused, the police informed her that Fanchon had committed suicide more than a week before. Desperate, Magda booked a passage to Europe but it was a journey she was never to take. That morning her dead body was discovered, blood at the corners of her mouth and her eyes staring glassily. As for the murder weapon, it was never found, although hairs were found in her mouth, similar to those on Fanchon's china doll. The horror of it!



GH⁰ST WRITING!



Howdy there, siblings. Thanks for all your letters. We're getting snowed under here at HQ, but I'm answering as many as is humanly possible. That's not easy when you're on call to deal with all things inhuman twenty-four hours a day!

Dear Peter...

I get **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** every week, and I've seen both the films. I am your biggest fan, so can you answer my questions:

1. Will there be a **Ghostbusters III**?
 2. Why was the Ectomobile called **ECTO-1A** in **Ghostbusters II**, but still called **ECTO-1** in the cartoon?
 3. Why have you got a comic with Slimer now, instead of just on your own?
- **Ross Thomson, York.**

1. That all depends upon whether or not we get the time to explain one of our most exciting adventures to the

film-makers. But you know how it is, Ghostbusting is a full time job and we don't get much of a chance to rest and help out much. 2. All right! All right! I'll come clean. We got a new car, but I didn't want to tell you lot because you'd think we were incredibly rich or something. You have to think about your image, don't you! Don't you? 3. He got so enormously fat that we had to give him his own comic, because there wasn't any room in this one. I guess he just got a bit lonely and couldn't bear being away from me for so long. Who can blame him, eh?

I have some questions for you to answer:

1. In **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** Issue one hundred and twenty-seven, how come it is old ghosts that take over the playground?
 2. In **Ghostbusters II**, why is the slime pink?
 3. Why is Egon clever while you are not?
- **Graham Parsons, Blackwater.**

1. The old ghosts took over the playground because it had been built on the site of an old folk's home, and the ghosts of the old people who had lived there weren't particularly pleased about it, so they decided to take out their anger on the poor old youngsters. 2. Slime can be any colour, not just green, you know! 3. The cheek of it. Are you trying to tell me I'm thick or something? C'mon spit it out, boy. I'll have you know that I'm as intelligent as the next man – providing, of course, that the

next man is equally as good-looking and a total wit! Oh, and Egon's clever because he studied so much at school, so just you remember to study hard or else you'll end up like... like... well, like me really, I guess.

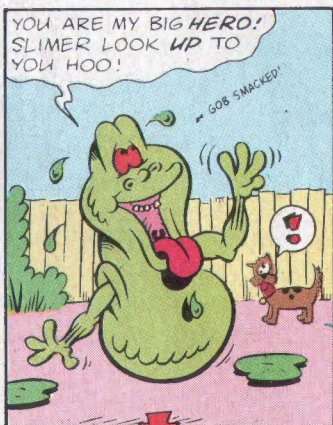
I have some questions that maybe Egon can answer:

1. Do the Proton Packs fire particles, ions or electrons?
 2. If they fire particles or ions, how come the air molecules don't slow them down?
 3. How come the 'whatever they are' stay together?
 4. Do the traps work by using a signal on the ectoplasmic/magnetic range?
- **James Mougham, Co. Mayo.**

Egon says: Mmm, most scientific! I'll try to answer them in the clearest way I can.

1. The Proton Pack fires positively charged ions. The key to the whole thing is that it is all positively charged. 2. They do slow them down to a certain extent. I mean the further the beams go, as you can imagine, the slower the beams get. 3. That's something that has puzzled me for years now, and I still don't know the answer. Do you? 4. Are you sure you haven't been snooping round my labs. You seem to know an awful lot about the Proton Packs! You are, of course, absolutely right. I hope you're not intending to manufacture a Proton Pack of your own, because not only might that put us out of business, it would also be extremely hazardous for an untrained user. So beware!

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



SLIMER EAT AS MUCHO MACHO AS HE CAN-CAN! SLIMER EAT CAKES, HOT DOGS, CHIPS, APPLES, POP CORN, CHICKEN, SAUSAGES, CHOCOLATE, BANANAS, CHIPS, SPAGHETTI, ICE CREAM, HAMBURGERS, TOFFEES, PIZZAS, ORANGES, CURRIES, PIES, CHIPS, LASAGNE, KEBABS, STEAKS, FISH FINGERS, BAKED BEANS, TREACLE TART, CHIPS, AND ANYTHING ELSE SLIMER CAN GET! YOU BET!

SOUNDS GROOVY, GUV!

WOTTA WOPPA!
WOTTA WALLY!

